THE
JOVIAL COMPANION;
OR,
NEW SENTIMENTAL MERRY
Songster.

BEING A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

SONGS,

Sung at the THEATRES, VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, *&c.*

Few of which were ever printed in any Book of *SONGS.*

ALSO

A Curious Collection of the beſt CATCHES and GLEES.

——Ev'n Age itſelf is chear'd with Muſick;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back paſt joys, and warms us into tranſport.

ROWE.

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THE

JOVIAL COMPANION;

OR, NEW

SENTIMENTAL MERRY SONGSTER.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Muſic by Mr. BACH.

Sung by Mrs WEICHSELL at VAUXHALL.

IN this ſhady bleſt retreat
I've been wiſhing for my dear;
Hark, I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer near.
'Tis the ſweet, bewitching ſwain,
True to love's appointed hour;
Joy and peace now ſmile again,
Love, I own thy mighty power.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Muſic by Mr BACH.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at VAUXHALL.

TENDER virgins, ſhun deceivers,
Who with baſe ſeducing arts,
When they find you fond believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

REMEMBER DAMON.

Sung by Miſs HARPER, at MARYBONE Gardens.
Compoſed by THEODORE SMITH.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
In chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan:
To doleful ſhades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love;
Where poor forſaken nymphs are ſeen
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such ſoft perſuaſive language hung,
That when his words had ſilence broke,
You would have thought an angel ſpoke.
Too happy nymph, who e'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my coſt,
She's found the heart that I have loſt.

Beneath the faireſt flow'r on earth,
A ſnake may hide, or take its birth;
So his falſe breaſt conceal it did
His heart the ſnake that there lay hid.
'Tis falſe to ſay we happy are,
Since men delight thus to enſnare;

In man no woman can be bleſt,
Their vows are wind, their love a jeſt.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought the ſpring of joy:
But whilſt I'm begging of this bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer thus;
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who ſees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

THE MILK MAID.

Sung by Miſs FROUD, at MARYBONE Gardens.

Set by Mr. HOOK.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
When Dolly tript acroſs the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail;
He lov'd, and beg'd ſhe'd hear him now,
She anſwer'd, ſhe muſt milk her cow.

He ſighing vow'd he lov'd her more
Than ever youth did nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And preſs'd the fair one in his arms;
She bad him keep his diſtance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve
An artleſs ſhepherd's honeſt love,
Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
All with their maſter's heart is thine;
Then begg'd ſhe would his flame allow,
She anſwer'd, ſhe muſt milk her cow.

Not ſo repuls'd, the comely youth
With kiſſes, prayers, and vows of truth,
So pleas'd the nymph, ſhe ſmil'd conſent,
And to the church they inſtant went;
His flame ſhe did not diſallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow.

THE JUBILEE.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, at the Theatre-Royal in DRURY-LANE, in the entertainment of the

JUBILEE.

Set by C. DIBDIN.

THIS is, ſir, a jubilee,
Crowding without company,
Riot without jollity,
That's a jubilee;
Critics thus will ſay, ſir,
We hope that you will ſtay, ſir,
To ſee our jubilee.

On the road ſuch croſſes, ſir,
Curſed jolts, and toſſes, ſir,
Poſting without horſes, ſir,
This is, ſir, a jubilee;
Critics thus will ſay, ſir, &c.

Odes, ſir, without poetry,
Muſic, without melody,
Singing, without harmony,
This is, ſir, a jubilee;
Critics thus will ſay, ſir, &c.

Holes to thruſt your head in, ſir,
Lodgings without bedding, ſir,
Beds as if they'd lead in, ſir,
This is, ſir, a jubilee;
Critics thus will ſay, ſir, &c.

Blankets, without ſheeting, ſir,
Dinners, without eating, ſir,
Not without much cheating, ſir,
This is, ſir, a jubilee;
Critics thus will ſay, ſir, &c.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around,
For ſhame ye take no care, my boys;
How ſtands the glaſs around,
Let mirth and wine abound,
The trumpets ſound,

The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill or wound,
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy, boys;
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe bus'neſs 'tis to die!
What, ſighing, fie!
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
'Tis but in vain,
For ſoldiers to complain,
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady,
Cure all again.

In the Devil to Pay.

Tune, Charles of Sweden.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty, ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be,
Guardian to our pleaſure,
That under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleaſure:
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did firſt create:

What was my pride is now my ſhame,
And muſt be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakneſs of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in Love in a Village.

IN love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art,
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart;

If aught of ſubſtantial delight
On this ſide the ſtars can be found:
'Tis ſure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

LOVELY nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh;
One kind look would eaſe his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance and ſports—you
Scarce will meet the like again.

Sung by Sig. PERETTI, in ARTAXERXES.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip in our riper years
Had twin'd our hearts in one:

O! clear him then from this offence,
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

Sung by Mrs. JEWELL, in the MAID of BATH.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing,
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them, improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day.
Among the birks of Endermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this the living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;

Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters love no more,
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

SOGER LADDIE.

Sung by Miſs HARPER, at MARYBONE Gardens.
Set by THEODORE SMITH.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes home he'll make me a lady,
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care he'll preſently free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Written by JAMES WORDALE, Esq.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe;
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe:
We live in a kind of disguise;
We flatter, we lye, and protest,
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain:
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his folly and pain:
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's distress,
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows less;

Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
They'll find, when reſtor'd to their ſenſe,
 The lawyers ſit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the faſhion
 For each fool to laugh at the other,
Let us ſtrive, with a gen'rous compaſſion,
 To correct, not contemn, one another.
We all have ſome follies to hide,
 Which, known, would diſhonour the beſt;
And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like friendſhip, will ſeem but a jeſt.

Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
And I thought—but it might not be ſo——
 She was ſorry to ſee me depart.
She caſt ſuch a languiſhing view,
 My path I could ſcarcely diſcern;
And ſo ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
 I thought ſhe had bade me return.

Methinks ſhe might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
 I haſted, and planted it there.

Her voice ſuch a pleaſure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſays,
I'm ſure ſtill to love her the more.

And now, ere I haſte to the plain,
Come, ſhepherds, and tell of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
Who would ſing me a ſong in her praiſe.
While he ſings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and liſten the while;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to ſmile.

To ſee when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peeps out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a ſigh!
How fondly he wiſhes her well!
On him ſhe may ſmile, if ſhe pleaſe,
It will warm the cool boſom of age——
Yet ceaſe, gentle Hebe, O ceaſe,
Such ſoftneſs will ruin the ſage.

I've ſtole from no flow'rets that grow,
To deck the dear charms I approve;
For what can a bloſſom beſtow,
So ſweet, ſo delightful as love!

I ſing in a ruſtical way,
A ſhepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay:
Go, poets, and envy my ſong.

THE EFFORTS OF LOVE AND MUSIC.

THE morning op'd ſmiling, all nature was gay,
And Flora had chequer'd the grove;
The thruſh and the linnet were heard on the ſpray,
Attuning their voices to love.

Young Damon, well pleas'd, in a woodbine retreat,
To Phillis unboſom'd his mind;
But his paſſion in vain did the ſhepherd repeat,
With coolneſs his ſuit ſhe declin'd.

In murmurs ſoft muſic now glides thro' the air,
To harmony wakens the vale;
The nymph caught the ſound, when her raptures declare
Full hopes of ſucceſs to his tale.

Exulting, thus Damon his wiſhes expreſs'd—
Thoſe notes breathing love's gentle fire,
Speaking joy to Alexis, with Sylvia bleſs'd,
And love all their virtues inſpire:

O ceaſe, then, my deareſt, to treat with diſdain
An heart ſway'd by virtue and love,
But haſte to yon fane at the top of the plain,
And Hymen's mild influence prove.

Thus muſic and love were too much for the fair;
In vain ſhe her wiſhes would hide;
Her bluſhes the ſtate of her boſom declare,
And Damon could not be deny'd.

THE CROSS-PURPOSES.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TOM loves Mary paſſing well,
And Mary ſhe loves Harry;
But Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miſcarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilſt Mary ſlights his paſſion:
So ſtrangely freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:

Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they purſue,
But hates the kind purſuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal deſpiſes Mary;
And all the Houts which Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw people grummer;
If one has ſmil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this leſſon learn,
Throughout the Britiſh nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To ſmile at reformation.
And ſtill, thro' life, this rule purſue,
Whatever objects ſtrike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That thoſe you love may like you.

Sung at FREE-MASONS HALL.

ASSIST me, ye fair tuneful nine,
Euphroſyne grant me thy aid;
Whilſt the honours I ſing of the trine,
Preſide o'er my numbers, blythe maid.

Ceaſe clamorous faction, oh ceaſe !
Fly hence all ye cynical train;
Diſturb not, diſturb not the Lodge's ſweet peace,
Where ſilence and ſecreſy reign.

Religion untainted here dwells,
Here the morals of Athens are taught ;
Great Hiram's tradition here tells
How the world out of chaos was brought.
With fervency, freedom, aud zeal,
Our maſter's commands we obey ;
No cowan, no cowan our ſecrets can ſteal,
No babler our myſt'ries betray.

Here wiſdom her ſtandard diſplays ;
Here nobly the ſciences ſhine;
Here the temple's vaſt column we raiſe,
And finiſh a work that's divine.
Illum'd from the eaſt with pure light,
Here the arts do their bleſſings beſtow,
And all perfect, all perfect unfold to the ſight,
What none but a maſon can know.

If on earth any praiſe can be found,
Any virtue unnam'd in my ſong,
Any grace in the univerſe round,
May theſe to a maſon belong :

May each brother his paſſions ſubdue,
Practiſe charity, concord, and love,
And be hail'd, and be hail'd by the thrice happy few
Who preſide in the grand Lodge above.

Sung in the JUBILEE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree;
Which, oh! my ſweet Shakeſpeare, was planted by thee;
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine;
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.
All ſhall yield to the mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Bleſs'd mulberry;
Matchleſs was he,
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhalt be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear:
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt:
Of the fir we make ſhips; that thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flow'rs, and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church,
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
He gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakeſpeare is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by:
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Could I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart; cou'd I refuſe,
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

BLITHE COLIN.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.
Sung at RANELAGH.

BY the ſide of the ſweet river Tay,
Or elſe on the banks of the Tweed,
Young Colin he whiſtles all day,
Or merrily pipes on his reed.

His mind is a ſtranger to care,
For he is blithe, bonny, and free;
At harveſt, at wake, and at fair,
No ſwain is ſo chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,
How ſprightly he joins in the throng;
So pleaſing his air and his mien,
So gaily he trips it along!
The laſſes his manners adore,
And ſtrive his affections to gain;
When abſent, for him they deplore,
All ſigh for the ſmiles of the ſwain.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He choſe me above all the reſt,
And vows that to me he'll be kind,
With me he will ever be bleſt.
The maidens all envy my bliſs,
And tell me I'm ſimple and vain;
Yet I'm not diſpleaſed at this,
Nor heed their contempt and diſdain.

THE EARLY HORN.

Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.

WITH early horn ſalute the morn
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries bid echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chryſtal floods,
All, all return th' enliv'ning ſound.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SHEPHERDS, I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry ſhady grove
Upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood ſhade, and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until her returning!
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?

Ah! woe for me, perhaps ſhe gone
For ever, and for ever.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY ſhepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
While in ſorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in bloſſom, and ſweet blows the thorn;
No pleaſure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleaſe now my Jockey's away;
Forlorn I ſit ſinging, and this is my ſtrain,
Haſte, haſte, to my arms, my dear Jockey, again.

When lads and their laſſes on the green met,
They dance and they ſing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee;
I can't without envy their merriment ſee:
Thoſe pleaſures offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſure I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare;
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain,
And wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haſte:
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain ſigh;
Who'll then be ſo bleſt, or ſo happy as I?

I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SPRING.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

WHEN dazies py'd, and violets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady's ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he;
Cuckow, cuckow; O! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he;
Cuckow, cuckow, O! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

Written by the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
Firſt caught my raviſh'd ſight,

Pleas'd with her ſhape and air,
I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thouſand loves appear;
There Cupid baſking lies,
His ſhafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all expreſs
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too-charming maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſt?

Venus round Fanny's waiſt,
Has her own Ceſtus bound,
Three guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy muſt he be
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe!

That bliſs to all, but me,
May Heaven and ſhe refuſe!

FEATHER'D FELICITY.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

TWO milk white doves upon a bough
Sat courting t'other day;
Enraptur'd with each other's vow,
Time ſweetly ſtole away.

Foſt'ring zephyrs gently blew,
To fan their ſoft deſires;
While Phœbus bright upon them threw
The warmth of heav'nly fires.

With kiſſes ſweet the male careſt
The pride of nature's art;
While ſhe, all fondneſs heav'd the breaſt
That cloſ'd a truth-fraught heart.

No mundane cares within them dwelt,
To gall the fleeting hour:
Both own'd the happineſs they felt
Aroſe from Cupid's pow'r.

THE GOOD-FELLOW.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

DISTANT hie thee, carping care,
From the ſpot where I do dwell;
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns, begone to hermit's cell;
But let me live the life of ſouls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Miſer, with thy paltry pelf
I give 'gainſt thee my hate it's ſcope;
Wretch that liv'ſt but for thyſelf,
With heart of ruſt that cannot ope:
Fly, bird of night, from ſun and ſouls
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the penſive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not, dare not peep in here:
Who can't be friends, can ne'er be ſouls,
Nor e'er ſhall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taſte,
Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
While with eaſe my ſand doth waſte,
Whilſt I bleſs the book of fate:
Then let me live the life of ſouls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

NANCY OF THE VALE.

RECITATIVE.

THE Weſtern ſky was purpled o'er,
With every pleaſing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day;
When from a hazel's artleſs bow'r,
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the day, he bleſt the hour,
While Nancy's charms he ſung.

AIR.

Let fops with fickle falſehoods range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament the change,
And ſadden ev'ry grove;
But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale,
And ev'ry bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found,
And ſhad'wing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round:
That nature in ſo lone a cell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet,
Or fortune to her ſecret cell,
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline;
Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine;
'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow'd my future care.
And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

THE ſun juſt glancing thro' the trees
Gave light and joy to ilka grove,
And pleaſure in each ſouthern breeze,
Awaken'd hope and ſlumb'ring love.
When Jenny ſung with hearty glee
To charm her winſome marrow,
My bonny laddie gang with me,
We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blitheſt ſwain,
That ever pip'd on broomy brae:
No laſs could ken him free fra pain,
So graceful, kind, ſo fair and gay.
And Jenny ſung, &c.

He kiſs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her ſparkling een had won his heart;
No laſs the youth had e'er betray'd,
No fears had ſhe, the lad no art.
And ſtill ſhe ſung, &c.

SWEET CAROLS OF LOVE.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

NOW ſummer approaches dull winter recedes,
Primroſes and vi'lets adorn ev'ry hill,
The lads and the laſſes trip o'er the green meads,
Or ſit by meander's ſlow-murmuring rill.
While the upland, the lowland, the woodland, the grove,
And valley, re-echo—ſweet carols of love.

While Colin with Phillis repair to the bow'r,
To exchange a fond kiſs or plight a fond vow,
Gay Florimel gathers each odorous flow'r,
To deck with a chaplet her ſwain's youthful brow.

Fair Daphne at morn bids adieu to her cot,
And ſeeks the cool grot or ſecluded alcove;
Her Damon ſhe greets at the critical ſpot;
His heart leaps for joy at the ſight of his love.

When Phœbus forſakes this low region of clay,
And ſinks in ſoft rapture on Thetis' fair breaſt,
For the wearifome labour of rigorous day
Balmy ſleep has an adequate portion of reſt.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

YE beaux and ye belles pray attend to my ſong,
'Tis new, I aſſure you, and will not be long.
From the camp I'm arriv'd, that ſcene of delight,
Where they romp, ſing, and dance, all the day and the night.
To the camp then all repair,
Gallant ſwains, and blooming fair;
Gaily laughing, let us tramp
To the merry, merry camp.

Well, who could have thought that war was ſo charming!
Nothing there's in it that can be alarming;
Nor Margate, nor Bath, nor the fam'd Tunbridge Wells,
Like the camp all our ſorrow ſo ſweetly diſpels.
To the camp, &c.

With parſons, ſquires, clowns, there is ſuch intruſion,
The camp is a type, ſure, of Babel's confuſion;
There hautboys and trumpets, briſk fifes and baſſoons,
Both charm you and ſtun you with fifty old tunes.
To the camp, &c.

E'en Cupid, gay Cupid, to Coxheath is come,
For love he's recruiting with fife and with drum!
A thouſand ſweet damſels he has in his train,
A heart he now offers each martial young ſwain.
To the camp then all repair,
Gallant ſwains, and blooming fair;
Gaily laughing, let us tramp
To the merry, merry camp.

Sung in TWELFTH-NIGHT.

HOW imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart!
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart!
When our boſoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults ſwell,
And beat what broken, fault'ring, dying
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek.

Aſk no more—behold your error;
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.
What tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me!
Once my heart's ſtrong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.
From you I am wild deſpairing,
With you ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

Sung in COMUS.

BY the gaily circling glaſs
We can ſee how minutes paſs;
By the hollow caſk are told
How the wanning night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

BY the ſide of a ſtream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill,
My heart leapt with joy at ſo pleaſing a ſight,
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and ſat down by her ſide,
And ſwore the next morning I'd make her my bride,
In anger ſhe ſaid, Get you out of my ſight,
And go to your Phillis; you met her laſt night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray, explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was ſeen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at,
Oh! can't you, ſhe cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her laſt night on this ſpot?
O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole ſtory this morning from Mat,
You ſtill may deny it, I love you for that.

Tis falſe, I reply'd, deareſt Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And ſurely my charmer muſt hate him for that.

Come, come then, ſhe cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true ſtate of your mind;
Tranſported I kiſs'd her, ſhe gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and ſhe loves me for that.

THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

YE mortals whom trouble and ſorrow attend,
Whoſe life is a ſeries of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-chearing ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day.
Obey the glad ſummons, the bell-bar invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it ſets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome gueſt,
By hard-hearted duns too continually preſt,
When brats begin crying and ſqualling for bread,
And wife's never ſilent till faſt in her bed,
Obey the giad ſummons, &c.

Did Neptune's ſalt element run with freſh wine,
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
Our brave Britiſh ſailors need ne'er care a jot,
Surrounded by plenty of ſuch rare grape ſhot.
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-ſpinning vicar
To leave off dry preaching, and ſtick to his liquor,
O how would he wiſh for that power divine,
To change, when he would, ſimple water to wine!
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, ſuch as theſe,
And give to the troubled mind comfort and eaſe,
Deſpair not that bleſſing in Bacchus you'll find,
Who ſhowers his gifts for the good of mankind.
Obey the glad ſummons, the bar bell invites;
Drink deep, and I warrant it ſets you to rights.

ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN ſtern Achilles left the Grecian band,
And orders gave to ſeek his native land;
Juſt as the naval fleet prepar'd to go,
Patroclus ſtrove Achilles's grief to know.
Whence comes that ſigh——why heaves thy manly breaſt,
What fiend invidious robs my friend of reſt?

Divine Achilles, let Patroclus know,
For friends ſhould always ſhare in private woe?
Enough, Achilles ſaid—moſt noble youth,
From thee, alas! who can conceal the truth?

AIR.

Know then, my friend, ungrateful Greece
This day demands my Briſeis fair;
And I, alas! no more ſhall ceaſe
To be immers'd in endleſs care.
But mark, ye gods, ſhould Hector carnage ſpread,
Unmov'd Achilles will ſmile o'er the dead.

RECITATIVE.

Patroclus heard, while tears half drown'd his eyes;
And could you ſee your country bleed? he cries;
Could you, relentleſs to the prayers of all,
See Hector triumph in the Grecian's fall!
Behold! they fly—to parly is diſgrace;
Lend me your armour, I'll the danger face:
Hector himſelf will be alarm'd with fears,
When in the front thy blazing creſt appears,
Achilles like, I'll ſee my country freed,
Or bravely in the glorious combat bleed.

AIR.

Omnipotent Jove,
And ye pow'rs above,

From dangers great Achilles ſhield,
While I undiſmay'd,
In his armour array'd,
Seek peril and death in the field.
Adieu then, my friend,
I'll ſtrive to defend
Thoſe princes Achilles did ſhield:
Oh! may I, like you,
Great Hector ſubdue,
Or breathleſs be ſtretch'd on the field.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate griefs Achilles' boſom rend,
He ſcarce can ſay, Farewell, adieu, my friend.
Patroclus clad in godlike armour bright,
Each Trojan trembles at the boding ſight.
The fight began; but oh! the fates decreed
Patroclus for ungrateful Greece ſhould bleed;
He fell——yet ere an herald could diſcloſe
What cauſe Achilles had for inward woes,
The godlike warrior the ſad tidings gueſs'd,
And thus the anguiſh of his ſoul expreſs'd.

AIR.

My friend, I conceive by the aſpect you wear,
Your meſſage my peace may deſtroy;
But Achilles is proof againſt ſorrow and care,
And never again will know joy.

If Patroclus is dead, oh! ye powers divine,
The hand that depriv'd him of breath,
Let it feel, in return, the vengeance of mine,
And death be aton'd for in death.

Once more in the field, cruel Hector ſhall find
Achilles his valour will try;
Achilles will prove him, no ſkulking behind
Shall enable the traitor to fly.
Then grant, potent Jove, ſince Patroclus is ſlain,
This arm may the wretch's blood ſpill;
When revenge is compleat, on yon hoſtile plain,
Do with me, great Jove, what you will.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;

I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
It's ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender,
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſs a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark
And birds in concert chanting;
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration:
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman;
But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!—witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

THE MAN TO HER MIND.

LEAVE party diſputes, your attention I pray,
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of thoſe I diſlike when you hear what I ſay,
You may gueſs at the man to my mind.

Ye ſelf-loving coxcombs, whoſe fondneſs is ſeen
From the form your falſe mirrors diſplay,

When you talk of a paſſion, as nothing you mean,
So all goes for nothing you ſay.

No pretenſion I boaſt to the aukward young heir,
Tho' born to a wealthy eſtate,
Who paying no court to the charms of the fair,
Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake ſure no woman can love,
Who has long reckon'd marriage a curſe;
Tho' his great condeſcenſion he's ready to prove,
By taking his wife for a nurſe.

A fool for a huſband ſome females have choſe,
And repentance oft rues what is paſt.
Tho' he turns for a ſeaſon which way the wind blows,
The weathercock's ruſty at laſt.

But the man that has ſenſe, with a heart that's ſincere,
Where paſſion and reaſon agree,
Whoſe fortune's ſufficient to combat with care,
—Can't you gueſs at the lover for me?

A DRINKING SONG.

COME, my never-frowning glaſs,
Always welcome to my lip;
Here's to Delia, lovely laſs,
Oh, how grateful is the ſip.
This is pleaſure to the ſoul,
This will baniſh care away;
He who hates the ſmiling bowl,
What's he fit for, topers ſay?

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

THE trav'llers, that through deſarts ride
By conduct of ſome friendly ſtar;
When clouds obſcure their trufty guide,
Out of their courſe muſt wander far:

So I with penſive care and pain,
In abſence ſtill muſt ſtray;
Till you, my ſtar, ſhine out again,
And light me on my way.

Sung in the QUAKER.

WHILE the lads of the village ſhall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I ſay unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Juſt then, when the ſwain who laſt year won the dow'r,
With his mates ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from each bow'r,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Theſe joys which are harmleſs, what mortal can blame?
'Tis a maxim, that youth ſhould be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the ſame,
Believe me, thou'lt preſently ſee.
While the lads, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does peep;
Why, how now, you fluggardly ſot!
How can you, how can you lie ſnoring aſleep,
While we all on horſeback are got,
My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the overnight's cup
So terribly lies in my head;
Beſides, my wife cries, My dear do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy.

Come, on with your boots, and ſaddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay;
The cry of the hounds, and the ſight of the hare,
Will chace all dull vapours away,
My brave boys.

Sung in the MAID OF THE MILL.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindneſs and good-nature,
Prove as kind again to ſhe.

Happy mortal! to poſſeſs her,
In your boſom warm and preſs her,
Morning, noon, and night, careſs her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleaſures their pleaſures ſurpaſs;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the ſame with me ſtill,
If I have but my friend and my glaſs.

The lover may ſigh,
The courtier may lye,
And Crœſus his treaſure amaſs;
All the joys are but vain,
That are blended with pain;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

New life wine inſpires,
And creates new deſires,
And oft wins the lover his laſs,
Or his courage prepares
To diſdain the nymph's airs;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

The earth ſucks the rain,
The ſun draws the main,
With the earth we are all in a claſs;
Then enliven the clay,
Let us live while we may,
And I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

'Tis friendſhip and wine,
Only, life can refine:
We care not whate'er comes to paſs
With courtiers, or great men,
There's none of us ſtateſmen:
Come, here's to our friend and our glaſs.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly.
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe to perſevere;
Speak not what I muſt not hear;
To my heart its eaſe reſtore;
Go, and never ſee me more.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

LET not rage, thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove:
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought ſuſpending,
Judge of mine by thy ſoft breaſt;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap freſh ſorrows on th' oppreſt.

Heav'n that ev'ry joy has croſs'd,
Ne'er my wretched fate can mend;
I, alas! at once have loſt
Father, brother, lover, friend!

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

Written by Mr. GAY.

ALL in the downs the fleet were moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board,
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
Does my ſweet William ſail among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below.
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high poiz'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt
(If, chance, his mate's ſhrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O, Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be.
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find—
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent, whereſoe'er I go.

If to far India's coaſt we ſail,
 Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
 Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object, that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harm
 William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
 The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
 They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily-hand.

THE BRAES OF BALLADINE.

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain,
One evening reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow,
Rude winds with compaſſion could hear him complain,
Yet Cloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view!
Thoſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight—
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Through changes, in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air.
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame;
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But, ſee the pale moon all clouded retire;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſire;

I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on the mind:
Ah! wretch, how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen it's moments but lengthens deſpair.

THE TEMPEST OF WAR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

LET the tempeſt of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets and cannons alarms:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or ſkill,
Seek honour and conqueſt in arms.

To live ſafe and retire,
Is what I deſire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe poſſeſt;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the laſting enjoyment of reſt.

In ſome cottage or cell,
Like a ſhepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at eaſe;
In a peaceable life,
To be bleſt with a wife,
Who will ſtudy her huſband to pleaſe.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah, poor Polly's his wife.
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing wave.
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a watry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
A-lack, and a-well-a day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! every month was May.

Sung in THOMAS AND SALLY.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me;
So wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee!
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard—to be ſure I was there.

To all who came near I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas, this, Sir—and that, Sir—but ſcarce ever Nay;
And, Sundays, dreſs'd out in my ſilks, and my lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me; but let me alone;
Egad, I've a tongue, and I paid him his own!
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untoward,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:
This time's a sore foe; there's no shunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum chance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

HOW happy should I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while they thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say:
But tol de rol, &c.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung in the MAID OF THE OAKS.

COME rouze from your trances,
The fly morn advances,
To catch fluggiſh mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind ſweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head.
Each away to his ſteed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds ſnuff the air,
Hark, hark. to the huntſman's ſweet hollow!
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they dart down the lane,
Now they ſkim o'er the plain,
And the hills, woods, and vallies reſound.
With daſhing
And ſplaſhing,
The hills, woods, and vallies reſound.

Then away with full ſpeed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you ſtop you're too late;
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow.
Then away with full ſpeed, &c.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find!

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill;
Deal out pleaſure unpoſſeſs'd:
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

SOMETHING NEW.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

IN all mankind's promiſcuous race,
The ſons of error urge their chace,
The wondrous to purſue;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit ſomething new.

The poets ſtill from nature take,
And what is ready made they make;
Hiſtorians muſt be true:
How therefore ſhall we find a road,
Thro' diſſertation, ſong, or ode,
To give you ſomething new?

They ſay virginity is ſcarce
As any thing in proſe or verſe,
And ſo is honour too;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for ſomething new.

We ſee alike the woeful dearth
In melancholy, or in mirth;
What, then, ſhall ladies do?

Seek virtue as the immortal prize;
In fine, be honeſt, and be wiſe,
For that is ſomething new.

THE LADY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Written by Mr. T. ADNEY.

I'D have a man of ſenſe and air,
The pride of ev'ry witty fair;
Genteel in make, in ſtature tall,
Polite to me, and good to all.

No powder'd, ſilly, flatt'ring beau,
Who of good ſenſe doth nothing know:
A man of ſcience, fond of books,
Whoſe temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy
The pleaſing proſpect of our joy;
That life a ſcene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth
Inſpir'd with wiſdom, grace, and truth;
And as for wealth, I'll not repine,
If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods! I aſk no more;
If ſuch a man you've got in ſtore,
And I'm deſerving, ſpeak your mind;
I'll be to him for ever join'd.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, theſe lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!

Not the fair weather fop, fond of faſhion and dreſs;
Not the 'ſquire, who can reliſh no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot, who topes world without end;
Nor the drone, who can't reliſh his bottle and friend;

Nor the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Nor the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flash, that's all fury without any ſpirit;
Nor the fine maſter fribble, the ſcorn of mankind;
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth whom good-ſenſe and good-nature inſpire;
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould admire;
In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd:
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I ſpeak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of their lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being ſet in their ſight,
They're ſure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll ſnivel,
They'll coax, and they'll ſimper—
In ſhort they're the devil;
And ſo there's an end to my ſong.

Sung in the GOLDEN PIPPIN.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruiſes and blows;
Not a ſword, but a ſword-knot rejoices the fair;
And what are rough ſoldiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
And ſilence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with ſoft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
And tenderly combat at home.

KITTY; OR, THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by Mr. PRIOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd;
Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens;
What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt;
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why!

Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

Written by AMBROSE PHILLIPS, Esq.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softy speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost!

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

A CANTATA.

Sung at RANELAGH.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, bleſt with ev'ry grace,
Invok'd ſoft muſic's needleſs aid;
Compleatly conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strephon ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
To ſwell the ſong, or form the dance:
But let your charms alone ſuffice,
And truſt the muſic of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
Thus ſpoke, as he approach'd more near:
He flatters, do not truſt the ſwain,
But liſten to my honeſt ſtrain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and perſon ev'ry hour

By dozens ſteal our hearts away:
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes!

Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bleſs,
Select the worthieſt ſwain you won;
Who, prizing ſound and colour leſs,
Admires you for your ſenſe alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And ſtudy to improve the mind.

Sung in Buxom Joan.

THE thund'ring drums did beat to battle,
And murm'ring cannons, too, did rattle:
The enemy fiercely aſſail'd,
And death with its horrors prevail'd.
Heavy moans,
Dying groans,
Cou'd be heard 'midſt the loudeſt alarms!
I fought for your ſake,
Made the enemy quake,
And with conqueſt return to your arms.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

HOW fair is my love,
As kind as the dove;
Her temper both lively and gay:
The lily, and roſe,
Upon her cheeks blows,
To give her the ſplendour of May.

Her ſhape, and her mien,
Proclaim her the queen
Of beauty, of virtue, and truth;
Her eyes are like jet,
Her teeth neatly ſet:
Ye gods! in the prime of her youth.

Her voice, like the thruſh,
That ſings on the buſh,
When meadows look blooming and gay:
Each nymph and each ſwain,
That dance on the plain,
Are charm'd with my Phyllis's lay.

She cries, don't repine,
I ſoon ſhall be thine,
And eaſe thy fond boſom of ſtrife;
In pleaſure's ſweet bow'r
We'll paſs ev'ry hour,
While nature ſupplies us with life.

Written by Mr. W—LL—S.

HOW happy was I,
When Delia was by;
Her preſence rejoiced my heart;
No troubles I knew,
My cares were but few,
Till the time I from Delia did part.

Then how ſad the reverſe!
With pain I rehearſe
The diſquiets my mind undergoes;
Time moves ſlowly on,
Content I have none;
Oh! feel for, and pity my woes.

My fair will be juſt,
I can't her miſtruſt,
Her promiſe is binding I'm ſure;
Then why ſo lament?
For ſhame, be content
For the preſent, her abſence endure.

The time ſhortly will be,
When I Delia ſhall ſee,
And with her in wedlock be join'd;
Then how happy my ſtate,
I'll not envy the great,
But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mind.

I covet not wealth,
But a good ſhare of health,
For myſelf and the girl I adore:
We'll live at our eaſe,
And do as we pleaſe;
Ye gods! what can mortals wiſh more.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ROUSE Britain's warlike throng,
Sound the trumpet, ſtrike the lyre,
Let martial note and ſong
Martial order re-inſpire.

Peace, to Britain ever dear,
All her charms a while foregoes;
Britons will no longer bear
Inſults from diſdainful foes.

Sound the trumpets! found again!
Britain claims the martial ſtrain.

See bright honour rear its head,
And, while glory leads the band,
Awful war, with ſolemn tread,
Stalks majeſtic thro' the land.

O FYE FOR SHAME.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to ſtray,
I met young Phillis on her way;
I flew like lightning to her arms;
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;
Her looks reveal'd a modeſt flame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

With eager haſte I ſtole a kiſs,
Which bluſhing Phillis took amiſs;
She puſh'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me bold preſuming clown;
While I confeſs'd myſelf to blame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

In tender ſighs I told my love,
And pledg'd my faith on things above;
But ſhe, like all her ſex, was coy,
And, tho' I ſwore, would not comply;
Yet I perceiv'd ſhe met my flame,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

When this I ſaw, I quickly cry'd,
Will lovely Phillis be my bride;
For hark, I hear the tinkling-bell;
To church let's go? It pleas'd her well;

And ſoon a kind compliance came,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, O fye for ſhame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we taſte to few are known,
No jealous fears our boſoms move;
For conſtant each, we truly love.
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries, O fye for ſhame.

KITTY FELL.

Sung at RANELAGH.

WHILE beaux to pleaſe the ladies write,
Or bards to get a dinner by't,
Their well-feign'd paſſions tell;
Let me in humble verſe proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh——charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
That ſhe has danc'd, that ſhe has ſung,
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I ſhall ever feel,

The dart more ſharp than pointed ſteel,
That came from Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reaſon's aid,
To cure the wounds which love had made,
And bade a long farewel:
But t'other day ſhe croſs'd the green;
I ſaw, I wiſh I had not ſeen,
My charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, &c.

I aſk'd her why ſhe paſs'd that way?
To church, ſhe cry'd—I cannot ſtay:
Why, don't you hear the bell?
To church—oh! take me with thee there,
I pray'd: She would not hear my prayers.
Ah! cruel Kitty Fell.
Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,
Condemn'd in chains to dwell;
For tho' ſhe caſts a ſcornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
Adieu! dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
Adieu! ſweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Sung in the PADLOCK.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny:
Give me your ſmiles, your wiſhes give
To him who muſt without you die.

Shrunk from the ſun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their ſcent and hue;
It's ſource dry'd up, bid flow the ſtream,
Or me exiſt depriv'd of you.

Sung in the CHRISTMAS TALE.

O! Take this wreathe my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
Theſe flow'rs will keep their brighteſt hue,
While you are conſtant, kind, and true:

But ſhould you, falſe to love and me,
Wiſh from my fondneſs to be free;
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all ſpangled with dew-drops behold.
Now the lark's early matin proclaims the new day
And the horn's chearful ſummons rebukes our delay!
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court;
No care nor ambition our paſtime annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives its zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;
Tho' often like us, they're flung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the ſoldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet, in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horn, thro' the woodlands to roam,
And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the ſport of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

SURE Sally is the loveliеſt laſs
That e'er gave ſhepherd glee;
Not May-day in its morning-dreſs,
Is half ſo fair as ſhe.
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore;
Ye bards, had ye my Sally ſeen,
You'd think on thoſe no more.

Not more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey ſip,
Did ye but know the ſweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip:
But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful ſwains,
 The ripe temptations ſhun;
Or elſe like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot ſecure I ſlept,
 And lark-like hail'd the dawn;
More ſportive than the kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
Yet, ere the parting kiſs was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I ſeek,
 Where lóve-lorn ſhepherds ſtray;
There to the winds my grief I ſpeak,
 And ſigh my ſoul away:
Nought but deſpair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I ſee;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since, theſe my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
Have loſt their tender fleecy dams,
 And ſtray'd I know not where:

Alas, my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
My lambkins loſt, adieu!
No more we on the plains ſhall meet,
For loſt's your ſhepherd too.

Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.

LET ſoldiers fight for prey or praiſe,
And money be the miſer's with,
Poor ſcholars ſtudy all their days,
And gluttons glory in their diſh.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the ſoul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marſhal every hair,
Who in a lover's look delight,
And artificial colours wear,
Pure wine is native red and white.
Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward ſpirit it makes brave;
That lively, which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to ſave,
And kindneſs flows from cup brimful.
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and ſome a punk;
Some men want wit, and others wealth,
 But they want nothing who are drunk.
'This wine, pure wine, revives the ſoul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

NANCY DAWSON.

OF all the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
Who dance and prance it up down,
 There's none like Nancy Dawſon:
Her eaſy mien, her ſhape ſo neat,
She foots, ſhe trips, ſhe looks ſo ſweet,
Her ev'ry motion is complete;
 I die for Nancy Dawſon.

See how ſhe comes to give ſurprize,
With joy and pleaſure in her eyes!
To give delight ſhe always tries,
 So means my Nancy Dawſon:
Was there no taſk t'obſtruct the way,
No Shuter droll, nor houſe ſo gay,
A bet of fifty pounds I'll lay,
 That I gain'd Nancy Dawſon.

See how the op'ra takes a run,
Exceeding Hamlet, Lear, or Lun,

Though in it there would be no fun,
Was't not for Nancy Dawſon.
Tho' Beard and Brent charm ev'ry night,
And female Peachum's juſtly right,
And Filch and Lockit pleaſe to ſight,
'Tis crown'd by Nancy Dawſon.

See little Davy ſtrut and puff;
Pox on the op'ra, and ſuch ſtuff,
My houſe is never full enough;
A curſe on Nancy Dawſon.
Tho' Garrick he has had his day,
And forc'd the town his laws t'obey,
Now Johnny Rich is come in play,
With help of Nancy Dawſon.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

NOW the ſnow-drops lift their heads,
Cowſlips riſe from golden beds,
Silver lilies paint the grove,
Welcome May, and welcome love.

Now the bee, on ſilver wings,
Flow'ry ſpoils unweary'd brings,
Spoils that nymphs and ſwains approve,
Soft as May and ſweet as love.

Whilſt a-down the ſlopy hill,
Trickles ſoft the purling rill,

Balmy ſcents perfume the grove,
May unbends the ſoul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies,
Nor regards her ſhepherd's ſighs;
Now your fond petitions move,
May's the ſeaſon form'd for love.

On the fair that deck our iſle,
Let each grace and virtue ſmile,
And our happy ſhepherds prove
Days of eaſe and nights of love.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That vallies, greves, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or ſteepy mountain yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the pureſt gold.

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The ſhepherd-ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE MARRIED MAN.

I AM marry'd, and happy; with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers, and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliſs,
And who only looſe pleaſures engage:
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleaſures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawleſs connections ariſe,
Are fugitive, never ſincere;
Oft ſtolen with haſte, or ſnatch'd by ſurprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But thoſe which in legal attachment we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Are from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's lateſt hour will endure.

The love which ye boaſt of, deſerves not that name,
True love is with ſentiment join'd;
But yours is a paſſion, a feveriſh flame,
Rais'd without the conſent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſes hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;

Ye are led, and miſled, by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire deſtroy'd.

If you aſk me from whence my felicity flows;
My anſwer is ſhort—from a wife;
Who for chearfulneſs, ſenſe, and good-natured
choſe,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.
To make home the ſeat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each ſtudies to ſeize;
And we find ourſelves happy from morning to
night,
By our mutual endeavours to pleaſe.

Sung in the ROYAL SHEPHERD.

VOWS of love ſhould ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They muſt have a ſavage mind,
Who refuſe the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from conſtancy do ſwerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All ſuch faithleſs ſwains to ſerve.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

ON Old England's bleſt ſhore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the ſtorms of the main;
For great George, and his cauſe,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the ſun's orient ray
Firſt opens the day,
On India's extended domain,
The ſwarthy fac'd foes
Who dar'd to oppoſe,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, ſing, and joke,
While here on the ſhore we remain;
When our country demands,
With hearts and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

A PASTORAL.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſs'd without art:
No pleaſure ye now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull me to reſt;
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.

Oft-times, by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lillies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would ſing,
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear:
But as ſoon as ſhe found, by my eyes,
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt,
She then, to my grief and ſurprize,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too late, to my ſorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt:
Beware, then, beware how ye truſt
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;

For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſs'd her with ſenſe.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

HAIL, maſonry, thou craft divine!
Glory of earth from heav'n reveal'd;
Which doſt with jewels precious ſhine,
From all but maſons' eyes conceal'd;
The praiſes due who can rehearſe,
In nervous proſe, or flowing verſe!

As men from brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A maſon other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breaſt ſecurely dwells!
His ſilent breaſt, and faithful heart,
Preſerve the ſecrets of the art.

From ſcorching heat and piercing cold,
From beaſts whoſe roar the foreſt rends,
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The maſon's art mankind defends:
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Enſigns of ſtate that feed our pride,
 Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain!
By maſons true are laid aſide;
 Arts free-born ſons ſuch toys diſdain.
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowſhip, from envy free,
 Friendly converſe of brotherhood,
The lodge's laſting cement be!
 Which has for ages firmly ſtood.
A lodge thus built, for ages paſt
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

Then in our ſongs be juſtice done,
 To thoſe, who have enrich'd the art,
From Adam to great Leven down,
 And let each brother bear a part;
Let our grand-maſter's health go round,
His praiſe in ev'ry lodge reſound.

THE FRIAR AND NUN; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

IN Paris city, they report for truth,
There dwelt an active prieſt in prime of youth;

And in the convent, as ſome others ſay,
There liv'd a nun as blooming as the May:
The rev'rend father ſigh'd for her in vain,
He dar'd not openly his love explain;
Her beauty fann'd the embers of deſire,
But looks auſtere quite damp'd the riſing fire.
At length kind fortune did his wiſhes bleſs,
For the fair nun came to him to confeſs;
With great devotion ſhe her forehead ſign'd,
And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind:

AIR.

Holy father, believe, for my ſorrows I grieve,
And ſincerely repent each trangreſſion;
One fault, above all, my mind does enthral,
And torments me ſurpaſſing expreſſion.
Tho' to Heav'n I'm bound, yet Cupid has found
The method to lead me aſtray;
Alas! I am frail, for love would prevail,
Tho' conſcience cry'd, ſternly, Stay, ſtay.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly prieſt, as near the fair he ſtood,
Feels genial warmth ſtir up his youthful blood;
Then ſmiling on the lovely ſuppliant fair,
He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not deſpair.
I know no harm there is in love, he ſaid,
Each ſex, my dear, was for the other made;

The church ordains it, and you do no fault,
If to the church you yield up what you ought:
But 'tis a ſin if any one ſhould feaſt
Upon thoſe charms unleſs he is a prieſt.

AIR.

Conſider how happy will be your condition,
If once you will form a reſolution
To bed with a prelate—You need no contrition,
For prelates can give abſolution:
Then yield to my arms thy raviſhing charms,
Permit me your beauties to rifle;
You know I can bleſs you, as well as confeſs you;
Beſides, it is only a trifle.

Sung in THOMAS AND SALLY.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch, he,
Ere on ſuch terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I aſk not wealth,);
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

Written by Mr. CHURCHILL.

A Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then he leapt from his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast
To be dress and serv'd up in the old English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British cheers;

Then he fits himſelf down without further de-
bate,
And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's
plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's ſur-
prize,
When they ſhrugg'd up their ſhoulders, and turn'd
up their eyes;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the reſt, by his brethren's ad-
vice,
Made a ſneaking attempt to come in for a ſlice;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll ſoon ſweep
the deck.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And ſneaking behind, ſeiz'd the arms of the tar;
I have him, ſays he; but he cou'd ſay no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels ſtood be-
fore.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus ſprawling, the Frenchmen u-
nite,
Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you
think;
Strike, ſtrike, you frog-eaters, ſtrike, ſtrike, or you
ſink.
Derry down, &c.

So ſaying, he handled his truſty oak ſtick,
And pour'd in his broad-ſide ſo ſtout and ſo
thick;
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their hoſt on the floor.
Derry down, &c.

The reſt all diſmay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's ſtick ſhould alight on their
pate,
Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main,
Withal humbly intreating to bury their ſlain.
Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but inſiſted that
they,
For the beef, for the pudding and porter ſhould
pay:

They agreed; ſo the ſailor reel'd off with his wench,
And ſung as he reel'd, Down, down with the French.
Derry down, &c.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves, when he did ſing;
To his muſic, plants and flowers
Ever ſprung, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art,
Killing care, or grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Diſpel theſe glomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! ſend ſome chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus in the ſecret, friendly ſhade,
The penſive Celia mourn'd,
While courtly echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

AN ANACREONTIC ODE.

Written by Capt. THOMPSON.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

LAUGHING Cupids, bring me roſes,
And my wreath, ye graces twine;
I'm this night diſpos'd for rapture,
Having beauty, wit, and wine.

Let the ſober ſtoicks wonder,
And their apathy define;
I'll not follow ſuch dull doctrine,
While I've beauty, wit, and wine.

Such old dotards well may cenſure,
Call me thoughtleſs libertine;
Sour's the grape when we can't reach it,
So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come, ye briſk Arabian laſſes,
For that heaven you ſeek is mine,
Upon beds of roſes lolling,
Bleſs'd with beauty, wit, and wine.

And when this gay life is over,
Pour libations on my ſhrine,
I've a paradiſe hereafter,
Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

Sung in the MAID OF THE OAKS.

COME ſing round my favourite tree,
Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me,
And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my ſide,
He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.

THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

O Sandy, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When naithing can pleaſe me!
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

The' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes mine eye or mine ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken ſome ſpare not to tell,
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,

Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander myſel.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, no longer away;
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte hither to thy marrow,
Who's living in languor till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Written by G. LYTTLETON, Eſq.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me,
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their longing wiſh to ſee.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love on all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene
When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſoothes my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die and think you mine.

RURAL LIFE.

FREE from noiſe, free from ſtrife,
In a ſweet country life,
I could wiſh for to paſs all my days;
Where innocence reigns,
Flocks cover the plains,
And birds ſweetly echo their lays.

How contented they live,
What joys they receive,
Tho' nothing but ground for their floor;

Juſt before the ſweet cot,
So delightful the ſpot,
Where jeſſamine grows by the door!

How early they riſe,
Tranſported with joys,
So contented their days paſs along!
And if juſtly combin'd,
With a true heart and mind,
To a wife whom all virtues belong.

Tho' homely their food,
Their appetite's good,
Blooming health on their cheeks doth appear;
Neither envy nor pride
With them can reſide,
But happineſs ſhines thro' the year.

At ſun going down,
Their work being done,
They're the happieſt people on earth;
By the oak on the green
Each couple is ſeen,
With innocent paſtime and mirth.

When harveſt is done,
With a formal old ſong,
The jolly farmer amongſt all the reſt,

He will laugh, drink, and ſay,
This is our holiday,
With beef and good ale of the beſt.

JAMIE AND SUE.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

JAMIE.

PR'YTHEE, Suſan, what doſt muſe on,
By this doleful, doleful, ſpring!
You are, I fear, in love, my dear,
Alas, poor thing! alas, poor thing! alas, poor thing!

SUE.

Truly, Jamie, I muſt blame ye,
'Cauſe you look ſo pale and wan,
Ifear 'twill prove you are in love,
Alas, poor man!

JAMIE.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye,
Well I know, I know your ſmart;
When you're alone, you ſigh and moan,
Alas, poor heart!

SUE.

Jamie hold, I dare be bold
To ſay thy heart, thy heart is ſtole,
And know the ſhe, as well as thee,
Alas, poor ſoul!

JAMIE.

Then, my Sue, tell me who,
I'll give thee beads of pearl;
And eaſe thy heart of all the ſmart,
Alas, poor girl!

SUE.

Jamie, no, if you ſhou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you ſad;
And pine away, both night and day,
Alas, poor lad!

JAMIE.

Why then, Sue, it is for you
That I'm burning in theſe flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor James!

SUE.

Say you ſo, then Jamie know,
If you ſhou'd prove untrue,

Then you will make me likewiſe cry,
Alas, poor Sue!

BOTH.

Come, then, join thy hand with mine,
And we will dance, will dance and ſing,
I do agree to marry thee,
Alas, poor thing!

HE'LL STEAL YOUR TENDER HEARTS AWAY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

BY moſſy brook and flow'ry plain,
Ifondly ſeek my ſhepherd ſwain;
Tell me, ſweet maidens, have ye ſeen
The gentle Damon on the green:
Avoid the danger while you may,
He'll ſteal your tender hearts away.

Perſuaſion ſmiles whene'er he ſpeaks,
And roſy dimples deck his cheeks,
Blooming as health, as Hebe fair,
The graces twine his auburn hair;
Loves in his ſunny eye-beams play,
That ſtole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,
Laſt night, beneath the hawthorn-tree;
Bewitching are his tales of love,
Propitious may they ever prove:
For Damon, gentle, kind, and gay,
Has ſtole my tender heart away.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

ATTEND all ye ſhepherds and nymphs to my lay,
You may learn from my tale, and go wiſer away;
A damſel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
Well known by the name of the maid of the mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd,
Her face to improve and embelliſh her mind;
Nor pride nor deceit e'er her boſom did fill,
'Twas nature alone in the maid of the mill.

The lord of the village beheld the ſweet maid,
Each art to ſubdue her was preſently laid,
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the maid of the mill.

Her virtue ſhe priz'd beyond ſplendor or ſtate,
Tho' poor yet ſhe never repin'd at her fate;

His proffers she slighted, in vain all his skill
To ruin the fame of the maid of mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with fear,
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere,
With rapture his bosom each moment wou'd thrill,
Whene'er he beheld his dear maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth,
The nymph read his heart and of course lov'd the youth;
At church little Patty still answer'd I will;
His lordship was baulk'd of the maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care;
The flame they first rais'd in each other burns still,
And Colin is bless'd with the maid of the mill.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in the throng,
Pray tarry awhile and attend to my song;
The story is simple, tho' true, that I tell,
And I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day to a wake on the green,
And met with a lafs fair as beauty's gay queen,
I afk'd for a kifs, but the damfel cry'd No,
And ftruggled and frown'd, and faid Pray let me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude;
But ftill fhe return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude;
The more that I prefs'd her the more fhe cry'd, No,
And ftruggled and frown'd, and faid, Pray let me go.

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas, Fye, Colin, fye;
So I fent for a parfon, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kifs her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kifs;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the beft way to make fure of a man.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;
But, tho' ſhe lik'd him paſſing weel,
She careleſs turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and ſmall;
Unuſual joy her heart did feel,
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Then round about her ſlender waiſt
He claſp'd his arms, and her embrac'd:
To kiſs her hand he down did kneel;
But yet ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

With gentle voice ſhe bid him riſe;
He bleſt her neck, her lips, and eyes:
Her fondneſs ſhe could ſcarce conceal;
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thought ſhe quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

At laſt, when ſhe began to chide,
He ſwore he meant her for his bride:

'Twas then her love ſhe did reveal,
And flung away her ſpinning-wheel.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN purſuit of ſome lambs from my flocks that had ſtray'd,
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
But, alas! after all my reſearches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeleſs my lambs to reſtore,
I reſolv'd to return back again;
It was uſeleſs, I thought, to ſeek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phebe I ſaw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To ſolicit a kiſs, I approach'd her with awe,
But ſhe told me my labour was vain.

But, Phebe, (I cry'd,) to my ſuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain.
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aſpect ſevere,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly claſp'd her quite cloſe to my breaſt,
And kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her again;
O, Colin (ſhe cry'd,) if you're rude, I proteſt
That your labour ſhall ſtill be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kiſſes, and vows,
Compaſſion ſhe took on my pain;
She now has conſented to make me her ſpouſe,
So no longer I labour in vain.

Written by Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Sung at VAUXHALL.

SOUND the fife—beat the drum——to my ſtandard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At requeſt of my ſex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try;
'Tis your king and your country now call for your aid,
And the ladies command you to go;
By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid,
Or refuſe, our vengeance ſhall know.

Then firſt to the ſingle— theſe things I declare,
So each maiden moſt firmly decrees,
Not a kiſs will be granted, by black, brown, or fair;
Not an ogle, a ſigh, or a ſqueeze.

'Twas then her love ſhe did reveal,
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Not a kiſs will be granted, by black, brown, or fair;
Not an ogle, a ſigh, or a ſqueeze.

To the married—if they but look glum, or ſay,
no,
Should the monſieur dare bluſter or huff,
We've determined, nem. con. that their fore-heads
ſhall ſhew——
A word to the wife is enough.

Theſe puniſhments we've in terrorem proclaim'd;
But ſtill, ſhould your courage be lacking.
As our dernier reſort, this reſolve ſhall be nam'd,
Which egad! will ſoon ſend you a packing,
We'll the breeches aſſume——'pon my honour 'tis
true!——
So determine, maids, widows, and wives;
Firſt we'll march——beat the French——then
march back, and beat you——
Aye, and wear 'em the reſt of our lives.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals all the fair;
The beams of Sol delight and chear,
While ſummer ſeaſons roll;
But Sally's ſmiles can all the year
Give ſunſhine to the ſoul.

When from the eaſt the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds ſweeter notes prepare;
The playful lambkins ſkip around,
And hail the ſifter fair.

The lark but ſtrains his livid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he ſwells his note,
The ſweetneſs of her voice;
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora ſhe'll perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame
Make vocal ev'ry vale,
The ſtream meandring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praiſe.

No more ſhall blithſome laſs or ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport;
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,
Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

BRITANNIA; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN diſcord ceas'd, and bloody broils no more
In war deſtructive ſhock this happy ſhore;
When carnage ceas'd, and death refus'd to ſtain
With Britiſh blood the dreadful martial plain:
Britannia roſe, and with a grateful ſmile,
In gentle accents, thus addreſs'd her iſle.

AIR.

Ye Britons, what nation like England can ſing,
In freedom we riſe ev'ry day;
In freedom we ſleep, and are bleſt with a king
'Tis a pleaſure in all to obey;
Then, my children, encreaſe
The ſweet bleſſings of peace,

Let trumpets in melody join;
While truth ſhall proclaim
George's virtues and fame,
Which on record for ever will ſhine.

RECITATIVE.

The ſound ſeraphic reach'd the royal ear,
And gazing crowds the heav'nly accents hear;
Reviving joy returns in ev'ry breaſt,
War diſappear'd, and peace the kingdom bleſt;
The happy iſle no greater bleſſing ſeeks,
The monarch riſes, and thus nobly ſpeaks:

AIR.

Britannia, be aſſur'd I pride to ſee
Myſelf the monarch of a people free;
Happy to govern o'er this bliſsful iſle,
Where bleſſings on my ſubjects ever ſmile;
As long as I the royal ſcepter bear,
My country's good ſhall be my greateſt care;
May peace continue, nor my people know
The caſual griefs which from Bellona flow;
Firm to Britannia's cauſe my arms ſhall ſleep,
As long as England's foes their treaties keep;
But if my lion is induc'd to roar,
Deſtruction hovers round the Gallic ſhore.

JESSY; OR, APRIL DAY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHILE the bee flies from bloſſom to bloſſom,
and ſips,
And my Jeſſy looks buxom and gay;
Let me hang on her neck, and taſte from her lips
All the ſweets of an April day.

The ſhepherd his flock, the ruſtic his plough,
The farmer with joy views his hay,
And Jeſſy, my charmer, when milking her cow,
Sings the ſweets of an April day.

Like ſnow-drops with innocent ſweetneſs array'd
As blithſome and cheaiful as May,
My Jeſſy, the pride of all the gay mead,
Sung the ſweets of an April day.

Remember, dear Jeſſy, and uſe well your pow'r,
Your roſe-buds then pluck while you may:
And guiltleſs enjoy all the ſweets of this hour,
For youth's but an April day.

A RECRUITING SONG.

Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.

COME, volunteers, come
To the head of the drum,
And all you can muſter along with you bring;
Leave maſters and mothers,
And fathers, and brothers;
Nor think of a duty, but that to your king.

Thou'rt active, young neighbour,
Then throw off thy labour,
And ſwop thy baſe pillow for bed of renown;
Dick, Harry, and Hugh,
Won't you do ſo too?
A guinea I'll give you, d'y'ſee, and a crown.

Good linen and cloaths,
With hats, ſhoes, and hoſe,
For a gentleman ſoldier fit every thing;
To my quarters then come,
Beer, brandy, and rum,
Swig your bellies full—God ſave the king.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay perhaps they are
twain,
Since Thyrſis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows
along,
To hear a ſoft tale, or to ſing him a ſong.

What at firſt was but friendſhip, ſoon grew to a
flame,
In my heart it was love, in the youth's 'twas the
ſame;
From each other we ſought not our paſſion to hide,
But who ſhould love moſt was our conteſt and pride.

But prudence ſoon whiſper'd us, Love not too well,
For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its
ſide,
The grave ones will ſcorn, and a mother muſt
chide.

Afraid of rebuke, he his viſits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
But to tarry with patience a ſeaſon more kind;
So I put the dear ſhepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all cenſure, and will be repaid;
If we ſigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bleſs the fond pair.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Wit and captain ſtrove, Sir,
To gain a lady's love, Sir;
And warm in competition,
To pleaſe his miſtreſs moſt.
The bravo, like a warrior,
Thought he by ſtorm ſhou'd carry her,
And ſwore he'd guard her perſon
From danger and aſperſion,
And ſhe ſhou'd be his toaſt.

The poet ſoftly told her,
That tho' he was no ſoldier,
He'd make her fame eternal,
In Magazine or Journal,
And ſing away her cares.
The lady then reflecting
Whoſe parts were moſt affecting,
Thought ſpark of tuneful merit
Outweigh'd the bluſt'ring ſpirit,
And thus her mind declares.

My honour wants no Hector
To be its ſtern protector;
No Myrmidon to frighten,
But Phaon to delight in;
So, captain, march along.

'Tis gentle wit and breeding,
Is worth a lady's heeding;
No hopes our hearts of gaining,
Without firſt entertaining;
So let me have a ſong.

But juſt then in the nick, Sir,
A ſquire of ſilver quick, Sir,
With gold-knot on his rapier,
Who well could cut a caper,
Now play'd before her eyes.
His air and dreſs ſo taking,
Without the pains of ſpeaking,
This moſt engaging youngſter,
By far outſhone the ſongſter,
And danc'd off with the prize.

Sung at the NONSENSICAL CLUB.

ALL whimſical people, come hither,
And chuſe a nonſenſical ſtrain;
For who'd be a wit in hot weather,
T' endanger the loſs of his brain?

'Tis nonſenſe we ſing, and we deal in,
And generouſly dole it about,
And if common-ſenſe chance to ſteal in,
We kick the preciſe raſcal out.

Whereof, foraſmuch, notwithſtanding,
Moreover, to wit, furthermore;
Sure never were words ſo commanding,
So ſweetly adapted before.

Thus free from reſtraint on we rattle,
Enſlav'd by no precepts nor rules;
Whilſt thoſe who in form prittle prattle,
Are nothing but ſenſible fools.

Should nonſenſe from human kind ſever,
What numbers muſt ſtraight away run!
The beau pick his teeth muſt for ever,
The chatt'ring coquet be undone.

The bards would have little to write on,
The lawyers have little to ſay,
The criticks wou'd nought have to bite on,
The non-cons not know how to pray.

Beſides, for a plague wit is ſent ye,
Its owners for ever are poor;
Whilſt nonſenſe is veſted with plenty,
Whereof you may ſee now therefore.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE;

AN OLD BALLAD.

I Lothe that I did love,
In youth that I thought ſweet,
As time requires; for my behove
Methinks they are not meet.

My lulls they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled;
And tract of them begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For age with ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me with his crutch,
And lufty youth away he leaps,
As there had been none ſuch.

My muſe doth not delight
 Me, as ſhe did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
 As they have been of yore.

For reaſon me denies
 All youthly idle rhime;
And day by day to me ſhe cries,
 Leave off theſe toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
 The furrows in my face,
Say, Limping age will lodge him now,
 Where youth muſt give him place.

The harbinger of death,
 To me I ſee him ride;
The cough, the cold, the gaſping breath,
 Doth bid me to provide.

A pickaxe and a ſpade,
 And eke a ſhrouding ſheet,
A houſe of clay for to be made
 For ſuch a gueſt moſt meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
 That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my weary work,
 Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth doth laugh to ſcorn,
Of me that ſhall be clean forgot,
As I had ne'er been born.

Thus muſt I youth give up,
Whoſe badge I long did wear:
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear.

Lo here the bared ſcull;
By whoſe bald ſign I know,
That ſtooping age away ſhall pull
What youthful years did ſow.

For beauty with her band,
Theſe crooked cares had wrought,
And ſhipp'd me into the land
From whence I firſt was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have you none other truſt?
As ye of clay were caſt by kind,
So ſhall ye turn to duſt.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ALL on the pleaſant banks of Tweed,
Young Jockey won my heart;
None tun'd ſo ſweet his oaten reed,
None ſung with ſo much art:
His ſkilful tale,
Did ſoon prevail
To make me fondly love him;
But now he hies,
Nor hears my cries,
I would I ne'er had ſeen him.

When firſt we met, the bonny ſwain
Of nought but love could ſay:
Oh! give (he cry'd) my heart again,
You've ſtole my heart away;
Or elſe incline,
To give me thine,
And I'll together join them;
My faithful heart
Will never part.
Ah! why did I believe him!

Not now my ſlighted face he knows,
His ſoon-forgotten dear;
To a wealthier laſs o'erjoy'd he goes,
To breathe his falſhood there:

Miſtaken Kate,
The ſwain's a cheat,
Not for a moment truſt him:
For ſhining gold,
He's bought and ſold,
I wou'd I had not ſeen him.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

TO chace o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
Such pleaſure no ſport can e'er bring;
It baniſhes ſorrow, and drives away care,
And makes us more bleſt than a king:
Whenever we hear the ſound of the horn,
Our hearts are tranſported with joy:
We riſe and embrace, with the earlieſt dawn,
A paſtime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we purſue,
No danger our breaſt can invade;
The hound is in full cry our joys will renew,
And increaſe the pleaſures diſplay'd:
The while our conſcience never alarms,
We live free from envy and ſtrife;
Like a with a ſpouſe return to her arms,
Sports, ſweetneſs, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of ſtate,
Can ne'er ſuch a happineſs know ;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er ſuch a comfort beſtow :
Our days paſs away in ſcenes of delight,
Our pleaſure's ne'er taken amiſs ;
We hunt all the day, and revel all night ;
What joy can be greater than this ?

A FAVOURITE SONG.

PRAY don't ſleep or think,
But give us ſome drink,
For 'faith I'm moſt plaguily dry ;
Wine chears up the ſoul,
Then fill up the bowl,
For ere long you all know we muſt die.

Yeſterday's gone,
This day is our own,
To-morrow we never may ſee ;
Thought cauſes us ſmart,
And eats up the heart,
Then let us be jovial and free.

The world is a cheat,
With a face counterfeit,

And freedom and mirth diſcommends ;
But here we may puff,
Speaking our thoughts, ſing, and laugh,
For all here are maſons and friends.

Sung in the HONEST YORKSHIREMAN.

COME hither my country ſquire,
Take friendly inſtructions from me :
The lords ſhall admire
Thy taſte in attire,
The ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.
Such flaunting, gallauting, and jaunting,
And frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit London's ſweet town,
To live in thine own country.

A ſkimming-diſh hat provide,
With little more brim than lace :
Nine hairs on a ſide,
To a pigtail ty'd,
Will ſet off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy noſe ;

Then frize like a ſhock,
And plaiſter thy block,
And buckle thy ſhoes at the toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleaſure thee ſhall ſtrive;
In a chaiſe and pair
They ſhall take the air,
And thou on the box ſhalt drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to caſh,
And ſaw thy timber down;
Who'd keep ſuch a trath,
And not cut a flaſh,
Or enjoy the delights of the town?
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
And frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit London's ſweet town,
To live in thine own country.

THE HAPPY MILKMAN.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

AS Joe with his pails went a milking one morn,
Young Sally he ſaw ſitting under a thorn:
Amaz'd at her beauty, her ſhape, and her mien,
He vow'd ſhe was lovely, and thought her a queen.

Thus ſaying, he haſten'd up cloſe to the maid;
Then laid down his yoke, and intreated her aid:
So ſweetly he preſs'd her, ſo ſweet play'd his part,
That, would you ſuppoſe it? he won her fond heart.

At firſt ſhe look'd modeſt, and ſeem'd to reſiſt,
And cry'd, Do not teize me; I will no be kiſs'd:
But he his perſuaſions ſo ſweetly apply'd,
She kindly conſented ſhe would be his bride.

Then ſtraight to the church they both tript it ſo free,
Where they were united by Hymen's decree;
And now are as chearful as birds on the ſpray:
No monarch's more bleſt, nor ſo happy as they.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THAT all men are beggars, we plainly may ſee,
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
Thro' none are ſo bleſs'd or ſo happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

The tradeſman he begs that his wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe the price is not high,
And ſwears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lye.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,
Tho' he reads not your brief, or regards not your plea,
But adviſes your foe how to get a decree.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The courtier he begs for a penſion or place,
A ribband or title, or ſmile from his grace,
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But if, by miſhap, he ſhould chance to get one,
He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone;

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Which nobody can deny, &c.

But if, by miſhap, he ſhould chance to get one,
He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone;

There's but one honeſt man, and himſelf is that one,
Which nobody dare deny, &c.

The fair-one ſhe labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much paint to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.
Which nobody ſhould deny, &c.

The courtier he begs the dear nymph to comply:
She begs he'd begone; yet with languiſhing eye
Still begs he would ſtay, for a maid ſhe can't die,
Which none but a fool can deny, deny; which none but a fool can deny.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AH! how vainly mortals treaſure
Hopes of happineſs and pleaſure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain:
By what ſtandards falſe we meaſure!
Still purſuing ways to ruin,
Seeking bliſs, and finding pain.

Sung in the WIVES REVENGED.

MASTER Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And ſwore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainſt each huſband threw ſome wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried.
Maſter Jenkins thought a wife
The greateſt mortal evil,
And ſwore to lead a husband's life
Muſt be the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardleſs of each ſneer or wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried:
Maſter Jenkins ſwore a wife
Was not ſo great an evil;
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And had been ſome months married;
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Maſter Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And ſwore of ſuch an evil
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or ſend her to the devil.

ROBIN HOOD.

AS blithe as the linnet ſings in the green wood,
So blithe we'll wake the morn;
And, thro' the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle horn.

The ſheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood;
Bold Robin diſdains to fly;
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood
Or vanquiſh, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are ſtout, and our bows they are good,
As well their maſters know;
They're cut in the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will ſpare a foe.

Our arrows ſhall drink of the fallow-deers blood;
We'll hunt them o'er the plain;
And thro' the wide-foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No ſhaft ſhall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never ſubdu'd,
Gave each his hand ſo bold;
We'll reign thro' the foreſt of merry Sherwood;
What ſay, my hearts of gold!

THE VIRGIN MONITOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say;
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phœbus' bright smile chears the juvenile year;
When the birds chant their amorous notes from each spray,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight:
In her meadows and fields should you frolic and play,
Beware, O beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise;

The boſom quick-panting with force ſeems to ſay,
'Tis hard to reſiſt all the dangers of May.

Should this amorous youth, this ſoft ſcene to improve,
With ardour implore the reward of his love;
If Hymen attend you, his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

THE TEAR.

Written by the late Queen of DENMARK.

HOW prone the boſom is to ſigh!
How prone to weep, the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we ſteer,
This valley of the ſigh and tear.

When by the heart with ſorrow griev'd,
A thouſand bleſſings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can chear;
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends long abſent meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love ſincere;
'Tis then ſweet friendſhip's joyful tear.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear;
'Tis then, O then! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly being near;)
'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear;
'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O! the grateful sight)
Their children view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sobs draw near;
'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with ſins oppreſs'd,
Strikes in an agony his breaſt ;
When torn with guilt, remorſe, and fear ;
'Tis then the beſt, the ſaving tear.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

LET the declining damaſk roſe
With envious grief look pale ;
The ſummer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a ſweet that decks the field,
Or ſcents the morning gale,
Can ſuch a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeleſs, cold, and ſtale :
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale !

The willow binds Paſtora's brows,
Her fond advances fail :
For Damon pours his warmeſt vows
To Fanny of the dale !

Might honeſt truth, at laſt, ſucceed,
And artleſs love prevail:
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the dale!

A FAVOURITE SONG.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glaſſes;
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when juſt going
In the moment to be kind!

Alexander hated thinking;
Drank about at council board;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And pray'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfections preſt,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with her beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, ſhe
Employ'd the utmoſt of her art
To make a lover, he.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

TELL me, laſſes, have you ſeen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Beauty's ſon, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and joy?
If you know his ſhelter, ſay;
He's from Venus gone aſtray:
Tell me, laſſes, have you ſeen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

By theſe marks the god you'll know,
O'er his ſhoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poiſon ſure to human hearts:
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found;
While the boſom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains;
Reaſon's ſhield itſelf is broke,
By the unſuſpected ſtroke.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Oft the urchin's ſeen to lie
Baſking in the ſunny eye:
Or his deſtin'd prey he ſeeks
On the maiden's roſy cheeks:
Snowy breaſts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleaſing ſnare.
Tell me laſſes, &c.

She that the receſs reveals
Where the god himſelf conceals,
Shall a kiſs receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She ſhall taſte love's ſweeteſt joy.
Tell me, laſſes, have you ſeen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NOW hear me, dear Nanny, nor treat with diſdain
The voice of my paſſion, the words of my pain;
Thou dear ſource of all, 'tis to you I complain,
Then pr'ythee, now hear me, dear Nanny!

By all thoſe bright charms that appear in your face,
By thoſe eyes far outſhining bright Phœbus's rays,

By thy boſom where dwells ev'ry virtue and grace,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy ſweet ruby lips, where true eloquence dwells,
Whoſe ſweets all the ſweets of fam'd Hybla excels,
Whoſe accents alone all my anguiſh expels,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy deareſt dear ſelf, fraught with charms ſo compleat,
By all that is lovely, and all that is ſweet,
By love, that now makes me to ſigh at your feet,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By Hymen's bright torch, and by Cupid's bright flame,
By all that you love, and by all I can name,
By your ſpotleſs honour, your virtue and fame,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

Sung at VAUXHALL.

GAY Damon long ſtudy'd my heart to obtain,
The prettieſt young ſhepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his ſoft tale, then declare 'twas amiſs,
And I'd often ſay No, when I long'd to ſay Yes.

Laſt Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witneſs his flame;
Oh! take theſe (he cry'd) thou, more fair than their fleece!
I could hardly ſay No, tho' aſham'd to ſay Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we ſat in the grove,
He preſs'd my hand hard, and in ſighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly aſk'd, if I'd grant him a kiſs?
I deſign'd to've ſaid No, but miſtook, and ſaid Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breaſt;
Ye gods (he cry'd) Chloe will now make me bleſt;
Come, let's to the church, and ſhare conjugal bliſs;
To prevent being teiz'd, I was forc'd to ſay Yes.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damſels, my counſel in this;
You muſt all die old maids, if you will not ſay Yes.

A HUNTING CANTATA.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to muſic that wakens the ſkies,
Quit the bondage of ſloth, and ariſe.

AIR.

From the Eaſt breaks the morn,
See the ſun beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains ſo high;
Shrilly opes the ſtaunch hound,
The ſteed neighs to the ſound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers ſo good
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,

Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd;
 Though in life's buſy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

 With the chace in full ſight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
How our moral ſenſations refine!
 Where is care, where is fear;
 Like the winds, in the rear;
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine.

 Now to horſe, my brave boys;
 Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon ſhall enliven the whole:
 Then at eve we'll diſmount,
 Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

Sung in CYMON.

I Laugh, and I ſing,
I am blitheſome and free,
The rogue's little ſting
It can never reach me;
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 It can never reach me.

My ſkin is ſo tough,
Or ſo blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he miſſes poor me.
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
He miſſes poor me.

O, never be dull,
By the ſad willow tree:
Of mirth be brimful,
And run over like me.
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
Run over like me.

SURE YOU WILL NOT LEAVE ME.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHEN firſt ye woo'd me to comply,
And taught my heart to flutter,
You ſaid you ne'er wou'd from me fly,
As plain as tongue cou'd utter;
That you'd be ev'ry thing that's dear,
Of joy you'd not bereave me;
I'd all to hope, and nought to fear,
Then ſure you will not leave me.

Were I ſo wickedly inclin'd,
I might abuſe the leiſure;
I know who wou'd be fond and kind,
And think attendance pleaſure:
But I to honour will be true,
And never once deceive ye;
What's juſt to plighted love I'll do,
Then ſure you will not leave me.

Say, ſay the word you will not go,
Nor cruel let me find ye,
With you all riſk and toil I'll know,
But cannot ſtay behind ye.
Tho' left on Tweed's or Thames' ſmooth ſide,
Your abſence ſure would grieve me;
O what a pain it is to chide!
Sure, ſure you will not leave me.

THE lilies of France, and fair Engliſh roſe,
Could never agree, as old hiſtory ſhows;
But our Edwards and Henrys, thoſe lilies have torn
And in their rich ſtandards ſuch enſigns have borne,
To ſhew that Old England, beneath her ſtrong lance,
Has humbled the pride and the glory of France.

What would theſe monſieurs! would they know
how they ran,
Only look at the annals of glorious queen Anne;
We beat them by ſea, and we beat them by land,
When Marlbrough and Ruſſel enjoy'd the com-
mand;
We'll beat them again, boys, ſo let them advance,
Old England deſpiſes the inſults of France.

Then let the great monarch aſſemble his hoſt,
And threaten invaſion to England's fair coaſt;
We bid them defiance, ſo let them come on,
Have at them, their buſineſs will quickly be done:
Monſieurs, we will teach you a new Engliſh dance,
To our Grenadiers March, which will frighten all
France.

Let's take up our muſkets, and gird on our ſwords,
And monſieurs ſhall find us as good as our words;
Beat drums and ſound trumpets, huzza to our king,
Then welcome Belleiſle with what troops thou canſt
bring;
Huzza for Old England, who with ſtrong pointed
lance,
Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

'TIS a maxim I hold, whilſt I live to purſue,
Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do:
This piece of good counſel attend to, I pray,
For while the ſun ſhinès is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
In her ear gently pour the ſoft poiſon of love:
With kiſſes and preſſes your rapture convey,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your plaint,
Declare your whole ſentiments free from reſtraint:
Enforce your petition, and make no delay,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

But ſhould you the preſent occaſion let paſs,
The world may with juſtice proclaim you an aſs:
Then briſkly attack her, if longer you ſtay,
The ſun may not ſhine and you cannot make hay.

THE COMFORTS OF HOPE.

LOVELY maid, now ceaſe to languiſh,
Yield not thus thy mind to woe;
Look behind the clouds of anguiſh,
Chearing beams of comfort glow.

Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee,
Hope that points to fairer ſkies;
Think the tranſient ills that wait thee,
Are but bleſſings in diſguiſe.

Be not by diſtreſs dejected;
Shrink not from affliction's hand:
Falſehood is from truth detected
By the kind enchantreſs' wand.

Sage inſtructreſs, ſhe ſhall train thee;
Steady virtue teach thy heart;
Sharp, but ſhort-liv'd pains, await thee;
Endleſs bleſſings to impart.

THE LASS OF THE MILL.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock muſt needs
know the mill,
At the ſign of the horſe, at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the
beau,
Without all diſtinction promiſcuouſly go.

The man of the mill has a daughter ſo fair,
With ſo pleaſing a ſhape, and ſo winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I ſtood,
I ſwore ſhe was Venus, juſt ſprung from the flood.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my miſtake,
For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake;
While nothing but virtue and modeſty fill
The more beautiful looks of the laſs of the mill.

Prometheus ſtole fire, as the poets all ſay,
To enliven that maſs which he modell'd of clay;
Had Polly been there, the beams of her eyes
Had ſav'd him the trouble of robbing the ſkies.

Since firſt I beheld this dear laſs of the mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will,
All the day and all night I ſigh and think ſtill,
I ſhall die if I have not this laſs of the mill.

Sung in the CUSTOM OF THE MANOR.

WHEN the roſe is in bud, and blue violets blow,
And the birds ſing us love-ſongs from every bough;
When cowſlips and daiſies, and daffodils ſpread,
Adorning, perfuming the flowery mead;
Our cleanly milk-pail
Is fill'd with brown ale;
Our table, our table's the graſs:
There we ſit and we ſing,
And we dance in a ring,
And every lad has his laſs.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,
The lads and the laſſes a ſheep-ſhearing go;
Our ſhepherd ſhears his jolly, jolly fleece,
How much richer than that which they ſay was in Greece!
'Tis our cloth, and our food,
And our politic blood;
'Tis the ſeat which our nobles all ſit on;
'Tis a mine above ground,
Where our treaſure's all found;
'Tis the gold and the ſilver of Britain.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt;
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet-bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

MY former time, how briſk and gay,
So blithe was I, as blithe could be;
But now I'm ſad, ah! well-a-day,
For my true love is gone to ſea.

The lads purſue, I ſtrive to ſhun,
Their wheedling arts are loſt on me;
For I to death ſhall love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to ſea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove its abſent ſhe;
So will I droop, ſo will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from ſea.

Sung in the PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

OH, I'll have a huſband! ay, marry;
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk girls have done?
For if I ſtay, till I grow grey,
They'll call me old maid, and fuſty old jade;
So I'll no longer tarry;
But I'll have a husband, ay marry,
If money can buy me one.

My mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming;
And ſtill in my ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain thoughts ſhould ſhun.
My ſiſters they cry, O fye! O fye!
But yet I can ſee, they're as coming as me;
So let me have husbands in plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old maid undone.

Sung in the REPRISAL.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I
diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſurely take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without ſenſe, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtrutts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gaſcoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſhood a fox,
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog,
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather:
Yet if he has but ſenſe to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either whig or tory;
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,
And ſing or tell a ſtory.
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll:
The divine
Tells us wine
Chears the body and the ſoul.

We're always men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride and party;
While knaves and fools,
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Maſon
Should talk of high or low church;
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtand him no church.
Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkneſs;
About us they conjecture,
But little think
A ſong and drink
Succeed a Maſon's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

Then landlord bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each Maſon here will face it.
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll;
The divine
Tells us wine
Chears the body and the ſoul.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to ſport and to play,
Let the tabor ſtrike up and the village be gay.
No day thro' the year ſhall more chearful be ſeen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashiou the best jointers wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths;
In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still;

Our joys ſhall continue, and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

GOD ſave great George our king!
Long live our noble king,
God ſave the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the king.

O Lord, our God, ariſe,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politicks,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God ſave us all.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
To ſing with heart and voice,
God ſave the king.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

LET a ſet of ſober aſſes
Rail againſt the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To ſet cold brains a thinking;
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found
Only where the glaſs goes round.

The ancient ſects on happineſs
All differ'd in opinion;
But wiſer rules
Of modern ſchools,
In wine fix their dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,

Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd so;
'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good,
Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destoyer,
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,

And a chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him:
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found
Only where the glaſs goes round.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hogſhead
Unto our maſter's ſhrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never ſhrink,
For I'll give a reaſon why;
'Tis a great ſin to leave a houſe,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too ſevere.
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a ſup;
But had it been a gallon pot,
By Jove I'd toſs'd it up.
And a toping, &c.

And ever ſince that happy time,
Good wine has been my chear;
Now nothing puts me in a ſwoon,
But water or ſmall beer.
And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our ſkins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Sung in the Maſque of ALFRED.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia. &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attemps to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy gen'rous flame;
But work their woes, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore its circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair:
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

THE INFALLIBLE DOCTOR.

ADVISE your friend, grave man of art,
I find a ſtrange, unuſual ſmart,
'Tis here—fierce ſymptoms at my heart.
Diſcover.

'Tis pleaſure, pain, a mix'd degree,
My pulſe examine, here's you fee;
What think you can my ſickneſs be?
A lover.

A lover!—'tis my caſe, too ſure!
O eaſe my ſtraight—I'll not endure;
Preſcribe, I'll follow cloſe the cure.
Take hope.

But if ſhe (ſpite of ſpeech or pen)
Prove coy, or falſe with other men,
Ah, doctor!—what expedient then!
A rope.

Sung in the JOVIAL CREW.

NO woman her envy can ſmother,
Though never ſo vain of her charms;

If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grows less;
Her poor little heart is still aching,
At sight of another's success.

By nature design'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties should move;
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WOU'D you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's Part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,

You enjoy but half the bleſſing ;
Lifeleſs charms, without the heart.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ARISE, ſweet meſſenger of morn,
With thy mild beam our ſkies adorn ;
For, long as ſhepherds pipe and play,
This, this, ſhall be a holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
This, this, ſhall be a holy-day.

See ! morn appears ; a roſy hue
Steals ſoft o'er yonder orient blue ;
Soon let us meet in trim aray,
And frolick out this holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
And frolick out this holy-day.

CATCHES.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

LET the bells now ring, and let the boys ſing,
The young laſſes trip and play;
Let the cup go about, until it be out,
Our learned Vicar we'll ſtay.

Let the pig turn round, hey merrily, hey,
And then the fat gooſe ſhall ſwim;
For verily, verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day ſhall be trim.

The ſtew'd cock ſhall crow, cock-a-doodle-do;
Aloud cock-a-doodle ſhall crow:
The duck, and the drake, ſhall ſwim in a lake,
Of onions and claret below.

We'll labour and toil, to fertile the ſoil,
And tythes ſhall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to the plough, and get children enow,
And thou ſhalt be learned, O Vicar.

FOR THREE VOICES.

A Hogſhead was offer'd to Bacchus his ſhrine,
The god was offended becauſe 'twas white-wine;
Then curſt in a paſſion, damn't, rot it, and mar it,
Didſt ever know Bacchus drink other than claret;
So the jolly red god having empty'd the white-wine,
Return'd the poor vot'ry the hogſhead to ſh—e in.

FOR THREE VOICES.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breaſt?
Say, ſoft confuſion, art thou love!
If love thou art, then farewell reſt.

With gentle ſmiles aſſuage the pain,
Thoſe gentle ſmiles did firſt create;
And though you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

A GLEE FOR TWO VOICES.

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
Love and myſelf thus enter talk;
Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may find my ſhepherdeſs.

FOR THREE VOICES.

HAIL! hail, green fields
And ſhady woods!
Hail cryſtal ſtreams, that ſtill run pure!
Hail cryſtal ſtreams, that ſtill,
That ſtill run pure!
Hail! nature's uncorrupted goods,
Where virtue only dwells ſecure,
Where virtue only dwells ſecure!
Free from vice and free from care,
'Age has no pain, nor youth a ſnare,
Nor youth a ſnare.

FOR THREE VOICES.

IF you truſt before you try,
You may repent before you die,
You may repent before you die.

A new GLEE, perform'd at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. BARTHOLEMON.

COME, come, let's make it up,
Help me to the grace cup!
Quarrel! for ſhame!
Let's not have ſuch a rout,
But puſh the cann about!
All are to blame.

Come drink, the wine is good:
Peace and ſweet neighbourhood!
What ſays my laſs?
Love, wit, and jollity,
Shall make us all agree;
Where ſtands the glaſs?

A CATCH.

WHEN next ſhall we meet, to be merry and gay?
With love, wine, and muſic, we've made out the day.
Adjourn then, adjourn, for to morrow's decreed.
A new day for pleaſure; ſay, are we agreed?
No, no, I'll not ſtir from a cann of ſuch cheer:
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